Volume LXXXI CHICAGO, May 30, 1918 Number 13

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CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
Notes 207
The Boston Anniversaries 208
Released—Promoted 209

THE PULPIT—
Spiritual Slackers.—Rev. John Haynes Holmes 211

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED—
The Simple Life.—*Reprinted from* Unity..... 215
From Behind the Bars.—Robert Whitaker, Floyd Hardin, Harold Story..... 216
Charles Wagner as He Seemed to a Rabbi.—*Joseph Stolz* 218

POETRY—
Forest Lake.—*Louis Untermeyer*..... 207
At Sixty-Two.—*Exchange* 210
May-Time.—*Katherine Hanson Austin* 218

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL—
The History and Practice of Religion; Beginnings. XVIII. How Sacrifice Began—Prayer 217

THE FIELD—
Fables.—James Waldo Fawcett..... 219
Field Book of Insects..... 219

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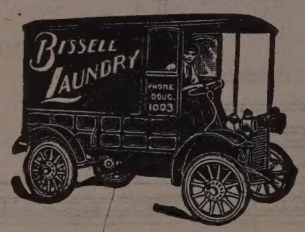

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXXI. THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1918 Number 13

FOREST LAKE.

What hushed, green spires are these! No sound
Of war disturbs this holy ground;
The reverent breezes seem to bear
The quiet like a silent prayer.
The very silences surround
The ripples with a chastening air.
And softer than its solitudes,
The lingering peace of evening broods
Over these woods.

The leaves are clasped, the trees are bowed,
And in the west a rosy cloud,
Screening the sun, seems like a veil
Hung in the skies to hide the grail.
And now, as twilight comes to shroud
Each open path or secret trail,
The whisper of the waves has grown
Into a chanted monotone,
Ancient, unknown.

And, like the echo of a choir,
Up in some towering poplar's spire
A veery's high note trembles long
And bursts into a spray of song,
An ecstasy of silver fire:
"I have seen God, O heedless throng!
This forest is His temple; in this field,
Deserted and forgot, He is revealed.
Come and be healed!"

The Century Magazine. —*Louis Untermeyer.*

The Publicity Department of the National Association of Distillers and Wholesale Liquor Dealers, in a recent bulletin announce in bold display that "Great Britain is to relieve the liquor shortage by issuing government whisky!" They might add another item based on similar military tactics and camp efficiency, viz.: "General Pershing orders that tobacco rations be issued to the American soldiers under his command." The apology made for this order, that the ration is so small that it cannot do much harm, is perhaps the best thing that can be said for it. All the same such a ration is an affront to medical science, to economic requirements and the ethical conditions of an heroic life. The present writer was for three years a private soldier on the fighting line of a strenuous army, and he saw many a smoker and tobacco chewer cured by the absence of the weed, which its most devoted friends admit is neither food nor medicine, but rather it is a poison more or less deadly, the production of which does debauch millions of acres of good soil and engages the energies of many millions of workers, men, women and children. At last, the wastage involved in the beer industry is being recognized by the patriotic and is engaging the attention of Congress. The tobacco wastage is next to be considered and as surely coming to the forefront.

Secretary Baker in his recent report has come out squarely against general compulsory military training. The Chicago branch of the Women's Peace Party called a special meeting for the purpose of endorsing Secretary Baker's stand. Here seems to be one peace organization that is still on duty. All the other peace organizations known to us seem to be hibernating, bear fashion, during cold weather, or if on duty at all, they have followed the lead of ex-President Taft and others, who in the name of peace are proving the most efficient war agencies now at work in the United States. Is there not an element of spiritual "camouflage" in this last resort of a bewildered conscience that is alive to the atrocities of the war and the barbarities connected therewith to believe that *our* war in this case is an exception and that *its* prosecution is a great peace movement. This logic is consoling until one realizes that the Central Powers are also drinking copiously from this same soothing syrup bottle, and furthermore every war in history had its sanction by the assurance that war for that particular time and place was holy. Christianity apologizes for a trail of blood through nineteen centuries on the score that it was for Christ's sake. War in general to these ameliorated or suspended peace socities is bad, unchristian, a survival of barbarism, but *this* war is a holy war and the killing must go on for the honor of Christ and the glory of God.

A special committee has been constituted by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America for the relief of the Protestant churches in France and Belgium, and a cry of distress is sent to the Protestant churches of the United States for special help to the homeless congregations, many of whose churches and homes have been razed to the ground and whose pastors are in the army. The appeal is to the Christian people of America in behalf of French Protestantism. The religious advocates of the war program may well reply that the preservation of the French Republic is of more importance than that of French Protestantism. And European Protestantism is now arrayed in hostile camps justifying the gospel of hate across battle lines. Perhaps Christianity today finds its most timely and heroic advocates in the Vatican rather than in the office of the

Federal Council of Churches in New York, for there at least is a heart touched with anxiety for the cause of the Cross *everywhere,* and a sympathetic hand held out to the devotees of the Cross on *both sides* of the fighting line. If the last word of Christianity is "brotherhood" and the noblest reach of it is "internationalism," the Pope in a more real sense than has before obtained for five hundred years is the "visible head" of the Church of Christ on Earth, for he still hears the voice that said, "A new commandment give I unto thee; that ye love one another," and he dares echo the prayer, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

In these days when the "psychology of the mass" is making almost a clean sweep of those who in their individual consciences and from the heights of their intellectual vision are profoundly persuaded that war is barbarism; that all wars in this stage of human development are wrong, because there are other and higher methods of resisting wrong, it is refreshing to find that the Society of Friends, in the face of the many temptations of the hour, in the main stand firm in the faith. The exceptions in the face of the military epidemic in this war, as in previous wars, are so few that they but confirm the rule. The following paragraphs from a recent statement promulgated by the Philadelphia Society of Friends is significant. Not the doctrine of love, but the doctrine of hate, not the philosophy of submission, but the philosophy of violence is crumbling in these days, even within the sound of cannon and the sight of marching hosts.

This decisive hour of history summons our Society to make its utmost contribution to humanity's deepest needs. Believing that this requires us to meet the moral and spiritual issues of the times simply and fearlessly, we feel called to make clear our Christian faith as applied to war.

Our Society's opposition to all war as un-Christian has been maintained throughout its history. In 1660 our forefathers declared:

"We utterly deny all outward wars and strife, and fightings with outward weapons, for any end, or under any pretence whatever; this is our testimony to the whole world. The Spirit of Christ by which we are guided is not changeable, so as once to command us from a thing as evil and again to move unto it; and we certainly know, and testify to the world, that the Spirit of Christ, which leads us into all truth, will never move us to fight and war against any man with outward weapons, neither for the Kingdom of Christ, nor for the kingdoms of this world."

These convictions have been reaffirmed by Friends in all generations, and during the present war our Yearly Meetings throughout the world have given clear evidence that they are steadfast to the same principles.

Every cause these days has its pageants. Minneapolis has brought out a brand new parade. It was in the interest of a fresh "drive." The movement started in one of the high schools of the city and Miss Wynne Lackersteen, a teacher of English in the East High School, was chairman of the committee that led in the crusade, and Miss Bridget T. Hayes directed the parade. It was a "drive" against slang and poor English generally. The procession moved from school to school and finally landed on the University campus where the professors helped bury the corrupters of good English. The procession was headed by Shakespeare and the notable poets, playwrights and novelists who in the past have ennobled the English language. These guardians of good speech were followed by grammatical sections representing prepositions, adverbs, adjectives, etc., in good form. Dictionaries and other standards were followed by a phalanx of English teachers prepared to protect their dignity and sustain their authority. The slang family, dishevelled and tottering, brought up the rear. "Gum-chewing," "liz," "I can't" and "he done it" die on the way and were dead before the procession reached the campus. We hope that they will remain dead, at least on one University campus, viz., that of Minnesota. There needs to be much more active work done by these warriors for clean speech before the university rallying grounds of the United States will be purged of corrupted English and demoralizing slang. This work is important because there is an unquestionable relation between clean speech and high ideals and strong character. We hope that the crusade started in Minneapolis will spread. It is in the interest of a culture that is cosmopolitan and the refinement that makes for peace. The dictionary is a peace maker; words are sacred expressions of thought and thought leads to disarmament wherever it is allowed to come to its maturity.

The Boston Anniversaries

We go to press before the details of the "May Meetings" of the Free Religious Association and the various Unitarian activities in Boston have reached us. The annual going up to Jerusalem of the Unitarians and those of the liberal faith of other or no names is a festival of holy traditions and current inspirations. The convention of the F. R. A. was slated for Friday, May 24th, and the general topic for discussion was "The World Horizon and the Spiritual Outlook." John Haynes Holmes delivered the President's "Annual Address," S. K. Ratcliffe, the London journalist, spoke on "The Outlook for Religion in England," Fu Yun Chang of Peking on "The Outlook for Religion in China," and Harry Foster Burns, the recent contribution of the West to the spiritual life of Boston, on "The Outlook for Religion in America."

There was a Round Table Conference on Friday, May 24th, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, at the Twentieth Century Club, in which members of the Free Religious Association, the Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice, and others interested in the interpretation of religion in terms of democracy took part.

On Friday evening the Festival Supper took place at the Hotel Victoria. "The Rising Tide of Democ-

racy" was the general subject. The Secretary of the F. R. A., George Grover Mills, was toastmaster, and addresses were made by Messrs. Holmes, Ratcliffe, Ambrose W. Vernon, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow Dana, Curtis W. Reese, Frank Carleton Doan, Demarest Lloyd, Clarence R. Skinner, Loy Chang and Elizabeth Hazanovitz.

We hope that some of the members in the Free Religious Association on our editorial staff will permit the readers of UNITY to share with them some of the good things said and done at these meetings.

The Unitarian friends seem to have denied the traditional charge of being "cold" and the historic claim of being "intellectual" and "unmoved by passion," if the report of a Boston daily is to be credited. It speaks of

"UNITARIANS IN WAR UPROAR!"

"Epithets were hurled from the floor and platform. One speaker called for carbolic acid for disinfection of mind and soul." These manifest an inspiration of more than Methodist fervor. And all this protest came from what would seem an innocent brotherly message from a body devoted to the doctrine of Universal Brotherhood founded on a faith in the essential integrity of human nature in all its phases. This is the resolution in question. It was introduced by the Rev. H. W. Pinkham.

Resolved, That in the declarations of certain Christian ministers and others that have been reported to us from Germany we joyfully recognize the spirit of Christian brotherhood, the spirit that rises above the barriers of nationality and holds in bonds of mutual love all true followers of Christ in whom there is neither Jew nor Gentile, neither American nor German. In the present dark and sad time of war we welcome such expressions and heartily reciprocate them to our Christian brethren in Germany, seeing in them foregleams of the day for which we long, when the nations shall not make war any more, but shall dwell together in mutual good will.

The resolution referred, as the mover said to,

"Resolutions adopted by a group of clergymen in Berlin and signed by hundreds of Christian ministers and Christian people in Germany. I refer also to a letter containing quite similar expressions of the Christian spirit originating in a group of Protestant ministers and others in Hanover. Dr. Wendte has given us these documents, and has called attention to the excellent Christian spirit shown in them. I am not aware that any expression of equal excellence of the Christian spirit of brotherhood has been made. It seems fitting that there should be some expression in the way of reciprocating what most of us must heartily welcome. They are words of hope and brotherhood; they breathe the spirit of Christ, and come to us from a country with which we are, unhappily, at war."

Believing as we do in the fundamental unities, which is our birthright from a long line of Unitarian ancestors, we must believe that there are somewhere in Germany, as elsewhere, those who deserve this signal of brotherhood and who will heartily and sincerely respond to the same. We hope that the faith expressed on Anniversary Week in Boston will continue.

Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were furl'd
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

Released—Promoted

Two eloquent advocates of the free mind and the loving heart have recently been discharged from the duties on earth and promoted to a permanent place in history, and to whatever larger life beyond the gates of death their great service has entitled them.

Minot J. Savage, in the seventy-seventh year of his age, in what appeared good health, has been suddenly removed. The particulars of his death have not yet reached us and the UNITY word of appreciation must come at a later time. The same newspapers that spoke of the death of this great Boston preacher brought also the news of the going hence of the great preacher of Paris, the beloved and famous Charles Wagner, the Apostle of the Simple Life. Charles W. Wendte, in the *Christian Register,* not inaptly calls him the Robert Collyer of Paris. Like the great Englishman he was a child of the people, a rustic in origin though cosmopolitan in training. For many years Mr. Wagner stood shoulder to shoulder with the liberal scholars of both France and Germany. He gave the address of welcome and presided over several sessions of the International Congress of Religious Liberals held in Paris in 1913. He was one of the speakers of the special session held on International Peace at which Dr. J. Estlin Carpenter of England, Rev. Mr. Hein of the Prussian Diet, Prof. Martin Rade of Germany, Wilfred Monod of France, David Starr Jordan and the Rev. L. Walter Mason of the United States made addresses.

In his own person Pastor Wagner represented what was best in the traditions and inheritance of both France and Germany, and in his death, as well as in life, he is a messenger of peace, a connecting link in the chain of brotherhood that overreaches the trenches and holds "above the battle."

In November, 1904, Charles Wagner on his visit to America spent a memorable week in Chicago, at which time he was the guest of the Editor of UNITY. His presence marks a radiant spot in the annals of All Souls Church, Chicago. His first lecture on Friday night, which we believe was his first formal address ever spoken in English, drew an audience too large for the little All Souls Church, and the Methodist Church across the way, for the second time within a month threw open its hospitable doors. The neighboring churches, the Baptist, Congregational, Methodist, Independent and Roman Catholic, were represented on the platform. The Episcopal and Presbyterian neighbors sent sincere regrets. UNITY, in its report of that meeting, said:

Pastor Wagner struggled heroically with the newly acquired tongue, but although he was, as he said, a "young Englishman," his native virility and fertility of mind and speech broke through the heavy barrier and his lecture was touched with pathos, humor, and above all a prevailing sanity. The audience from the start was responsive, intense and

appreciative. At the close the presiding officer, the Pastor of All Souls Church, read a communication just received announcing that war between Russia and Great Britain had been averted and that the United States and France, whose flags draped the pulpit, had exerted their influence to bring about the pacific end. The audience cheered loud and long and rose to its feet and sang "America," a fitting close to a high message.

On Saturday evening of that week an informal reception was given at All Souls Church at which Pastor Wagner told the story of his ministry which began among the mountains of Alsace and grew to its great usefulness in Paris. On Sunday morning, to an audience that packed the room to overflowing, he preached a memorable sermon on "Show Us the Father!" On Sunday evening there was an impromptu peace congress held in Sinai Temple which in those days was the unfailing resource of all liberal emergencies. The beautiful auditorium was promptly filled with a magnificent audience and the great organ made air and hearts vibrant with harmony. The Editor of UNITY presided. The Rev. Joseph Mason of St. Paul's Church gave the prayer. A beautiful responsive service compiled by William C. Gannett from the Declaration of Independence, the words of George Washington, Lincoln and the great prophets of Israel, interwoven with chants, and Frederick Hosmer's hymn, "O Beautiful, My Country!" was heartily entered into. Pastor Wagner and Professor Koenig, his traveling companion, made the first addresses. Frau Professor Selenka of Munich, Jane Addams and Dr. Hirsch followed. A large collection was taken up to advance the work of the Chicago branch of the Peace Society and the following telegram was ordered sent to the President of the United States:

A peace conference, assembled in Chicago on Sunday evening, October 20, sends its expression of sincere gratitude and admiration of your significant and progressive action in convoking the nations to a second conference in the interest of international arbitration.

This was fourteen years ago. UNITY and its Editor are still in the service, pursuing the quest.

Mr. Wagner, during his stay in Chicago, addressed the students of the Chicago University, the Woman's College at Lake Forest, besides several clubs and smaller groups.

We see no better way to renew the message of the great hearted man than to reprint in another column from UNITY of November 3, 1904, an interview which first appeared in the *Chicago Evening Journal* of October 29, 1904.

In the advertising columns of UNITY of that date, the three publications of Charles Wagner, "The Simple Life," "The Better Way" and "By the Fireside," are offered for sale and the advertisement was reinforced by the following quotations:

Good sense is a fund slowly and painfully accumulated by the labor of centuries. . . . For my part, I think no price too great to pay for gaining it and keeping it, for the possession of eyes that see and a judgment that discerns. One takes good care of his sword, that it be not bent or rusted; with greater reason should he give heed to his thought.

—*From The Simple Life.*

To carry one's children one's self, even in the street; to play with them, tell them stories, give them personal care, watch their development—from every point of view, it is a good thing. The nation as well as the family depends upon this—that fathers be really fathers.

—*From The Better Way.*

There are two divorces that are doing our society to death, man's divorce from the soil and his divorce from the home. . . Let us preserve with care everything that could perpetuate tradition or preserve a memory. . . Some old bit, without significance to profane eyes, is equivalent to a title of nobility; to take it to a bric-a-brac dealer dishoners us. The more life buffets us, casts us out upon the world and bears us along in its impetuous current, the more need for holding fast to these tokens which are so many planks of safety on the flood. And yet we must not be materialistic; in spite of its capital importance, it is not after all the house that makes the home.

—*From By the Fireside.*

When the latest delegation of Frenchmen, representing the Red Cross work, which visited Chicago a few weeks ago, brought letters of introduction to the workers at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, the hospitalities of that institution were extended to them with a vivid recollection of the memorable visit of one who in his day was perhaps the most widely known and the best beloved of Protestant pastors in the world. Over 100,000 copies of his "Simple Life" were sold in the United States, and it has been translated into every modern language in Europe. May his gospel of The Simple Life, which in the very nature of things is the gospel of peace, find new emphasis in his death as it found splendid statement and illustration in his life.

AT SIXTY-TWO.

Just sixty-two? Then trim thy light,
And get thy jewels all reset;
'Tis past meridian, but still bright,
And lacks some hours of sunset yet.
At sixty-two
Be strong and true.
Scour off thy rust and shine anew.

'Tis yet high day, thy staff resume,
And fight fresh battles for the truth;
For what is age but youth's full bloom,
A riper, more transcendent youth.
A wedge of gold
Is never old;
Streams broader grow as downward rolled.

At sixty-two life is begun,
At seventy-three begin once more;
Fly swiftly as you near the sun,
And brighter shine at eighty-one.
At ninety-five
Should you arrive,
Still wait on God, and work, and thrive.

Keep thy locks wet with morning dew,
And freely let thy graces flow;
For life well spent is ever new,
And years anointed younger grow,
So work away,
Be young for aye,
From sunset, breaking unto day.

—*Exchange.*

THE PULPIT

Spiritual Slackers

A Sermon by Rev. John Haynes Holmes, Minister of the Church of the Messiah, Delivered Sunday, April 14, 1918.

I suppose that it is hardly necessary for me to spend any of our valuable time this morning in telling you what I have in mind when I speak of a "slacker." Long before the outbreak of the Great War, this word was well known in England as an epithet laid upon a man who was accused of "loafing on the job." More recently it has been applied in this country, as well as abroad, in ways that leave no doubt as to its meaning. Thus in the days before the Conscription Act in England, the word "slacker" was used to designate an able-bodied man who refused to enlist and accepted the decoration of the "white feather." At this moment in the mother country, a "slacker" is an Irishman who is unwilling that the operation of the Conscription Act should be extended to his fellow countrymen in Ireland. In this country, a little while ago, the "slacker" was the laborer in the shipyards who refused to work more than eight hours a day, or to drive more than thirty or forty rivets an hour. Today he is the man who for any reason whatsoever declines to make purchase of a Liberty Bond. Thus has the word been bandied about in one national crisis after another—but always used to describe the man who does not seem to measure up to the popular expectation of patriotic duty. From this point of view, the "slacker" is understood to mean the man who fails to carry his share of the public burden—who looks upon the vast emergency of our day and does not realize that upon him is laid the obligation of labor for the common good.

But I am speaking this morning not of slackers in this ordinary sense of the word, but of "spiritual slackers," a phrase which takes us immediately into a larger and higher realm of thought. In speaking of "spiritual slackers," I have very clearly in mind those men and women in every age—even in such a stupendous age as this—who refuse to live up to their ideals, either patriotic or religious; or—still worse!—who are discovered in critical times to have no ideals to live up to. The most wonderful aspect of this most dreadful period of history in which we are living, the one thing which may well convince us that this western civilization of ours is not doomed to a final destruction, is the fact that this Great War has revealed that the overwhelming majority of men have something within their hearts—love of home, or of country, or of religion—for which they are not unwilling to give their lives. "These are the times that try men's souls," wrote Thomas Paine of the American Revolution—by which he meant that these were the times when men were tried to see if they had any souls at all! They were cast into the great events of the Revolution as metal is cast into a crucible, to see if they came forth pure gold, or only dross. And the test was this test of all spiritual idealism—the willingness to die for some great cause! It was the test laid down for Prof. Josiah Royce when he taught us that loyalty is the essence of the moral life, and then defined this loyalty as the giving of "Whatever it (is) in our power to give, for the cause," and the seeing this "cause take its place, to human vision, amongst the lost causes."

Now what was true in the great days of the American Revolution, is true on an infinitely grander scale in this stupendous era of world convulsion. These are again "the times that try men's souls." Like our forefathers, we are being weighed in the balances of spiritual idealism; and those who are found wanting, and are cast aside, are those who have no ideals of any kind, or are unwilling to stake their "lives, (their) fortunes, and (their) sacred honor," on what they have. These are the spiritual slackers! And that there may be no confusion inside this church like that which seems to be prevailing without, may I state at this point, with all possible emphasis, that these slackers are not necessarily the pacifists, any more than they are necessarily the militarists. That there *are* pacifists who are spiritual slackers, I have no doubt. But the majority of the pacifists whom I chance to know must be described as idealists of the first water. Exactly like the majority of the militarists, they are willing to die for the truth that is within them. It is true that their ideals are woefully unpopular at this moment. These ideals are undoubtedly impracticable in such an age as this. It may even be argued that they are dangerous to certain precious and well-established interests of society. But that they are ideals—unpopular, impracticable, and dangerous, only because, like the atmosphere about the snow-capped summit of a mountain, they are so lofty and so pure—and that the men who hold them are ready to dedicate what is dearer than life itself to their vindication, should be evident to anybody who is not utterly blinded by prejudice and hate. Some day, when the story of what these pacifists, in England for example, have suffered in health, and property, and reputation, and even life itself, has been made known to all the world, and we are able once again to understand the motives which impelled these men to the ways of martyrdom and death, it will be seen and recognized that, exactly like those who marched away to the front, these men must be counted among the heroes of the war. Indeed, already at this moment, there are a few clear visioned souls who are anticipating the verdict of posterity. One such is the famous English clergyman, Dr. W. E. Orchard, a staunch supporter of the war, who does the astonishing thing of dedicating his last book entitled *The Outlook for Religion*, "to all who are fighting for conscience's sake, whether in the trenches, or in prison." Such a word reminds one of the saying of Theodore Parker, when he heard of the execution of John Brown. "The road to heaven," he said, "may be as short from the scaffold as from the throne."

From the standpoint of spiritual idealism, therefore, the distinction is not between militarists and pacifists as such at all. Rather is the distinction between worthy and unworthy men in both of these groups, as in all groups everywhere. Militarists like Donald Hankey in his Flanders grave, and pacifists like Stephen Hobhouse in his London prison, are to be classified together, as spiritual idealists of the finest type. In the same way are militarists like the drafted men in this country who besiege their senators and representatives to get them desk positions in Washington, and pacifists like the drafted men who try to evade conscription by malingering of one kind and another, to be classified together as the worst kind of spiritual slackers. In this

case, as in every other, the sheep are to be separated from the goats on the basis not of intellectual conviction, but of moral character. Not the man who has an idea, good or bad, but the man who has no loyalty to his idea such as it is, and no heroic readiness to sacrifice "whatever it is in (his) power to give" for the sake of this idea, this is the man who is deserving of our reprobation. He may be militarist or pacifist in opinion; but if he manifests no self-forgetting devotion to his cause, then he is a spiritual slacker. Nor are such men difficult to unmask! They are always like Gallio in the New Testament story—they "care for none of these things." They are indifferent to the great movements of the hour; or they have no courage to participate in these movements, and pay the price of their failure or success. I encountered a perfect specimen of this type of spiritual slacker only a few weeks ago. A young woman, in an interview in my study, began to speak bitterly about her brother, a young man in college, complaining of his continuing his studies at a time when most of his companions had gone away to engage in various kinds of war activities. Remembering some stalwart young Quakers, and others, who were doing this very thing from motives of high spiritual conviction, and at great personal sacrifice, I inquired if her brother was a nonresistant or a conscientious objector. "Not at all," said the girl; "that's the trouble. My brother isn't anything! He hasn't any opinion about the war. He hasn't any interest in at all, so far as I can make out. If he were a pacifist, I wouldn't mind. If he only showed some reaction to the war, I wouldn't complain. But he doesn't care either one way or the other. He simply likes that sleepy old college town—he wants to be left alone with his books—he wants to study and think and follow out his academic career, just as though nothing were happening across the sea. He doesn't know what it is to have a great emotion, or a profound conviction. Why, I'd almost rather have him out-and-out pro-German than this kind of thing!"

Now here in this college boy do we have a perfect specimen, as I have said, of the spiritual slacker. He is the man who doesn't care, who asks to be let alone, who wants to live his own life, who sees no moral crisis in the world, or, seeing it, is not moved by its appeal. He is like that infamous church of Laodicea, described in the book of Revelation as "neither hot nor cold"; and the thing that the Lord said he would do to that church is the thing that you and I would want to do to this slacker, namely, "spew (him) out of (our) mouth." For there is no room in the world at such a time as this for any man who has no ideals, or is not willing to suffer and die for such ideals as he may have. In spite of differing opinion on a burning issue, the pacifist respects the militarist, and the militarist respects the pacifist, who is willing to lay down his life for his cause. In spite of the battle in which they are engaged to the death, the soldiers on opposite sides of No Man's Land feel no contempt for one another. It is only the man who has no cause at all, save the miserable one of keeping his carcass whole, who cannot be tolerated. These are the days when men must find their souls, and use them; or, having no souls, get out of the human race altogether. For the call has sounded; and somewhere, on some great field of service, to some far goal of sacrifice, we must pay our "last full measure of devotion." For he only is "the happy warrior," or indeed any warrior at all,

> Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
> Forever, and to noble deeds give birth,
> Or he must fall, to sleep without his fame,
> And leave a dead unprofitable name—
> Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
> And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
> His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause.

Our judgment, therefore, on the spiritual slacker, as the man who has no cause, or is not willing to perish physically and morally for his cause, whatever it may be, is likely to be severe. And yet I wonder if there is any one of us who is really in a position to pass judgment even on the vilest of these slackers? It is the old case all over again of "judge not, that ye be not judged." For who of us can say that he has been genuinely and whole-heartedly devoted all of his days? Who of us can meet the test laid down by Professor Royce in his exposition of loyalty as "giving the self to the cause"? "Strain, endurance, sacrifice, toil," he says, "the dear pangs of labor at the moments when perhaps defeat and grief most seem ready to crush our powers, and when only the very vehemence of labor itself saves us from utter despair —these are the things that must teach us what loyalty really is." It is true that there are few of us who do not know today the meaning of "strain, endurance, sacrifice, toil . . . the dear pangs of labor . . . when defeat and grief seem ready to crush our powers." It is one of the incidental virtues of war that it stirs men, both militarist and pacifist, resistant and nonresistant, to heroic achievement, and finds them the courage to make the most costly sacrifice. But is war needed—or, if needed, do you think it should be needed—for such lessons? This is not the first time in our lives that humanity has called to us to bear witness to our faith. This is not the only time that we have looked upon cruelty and hate busily at work in human affairs and been challeneged to sacrificial action. The battle for progress and enlightenment, for liberty, democracy and peace, is always on. There has been no single moment since you and I were born, that Belgiums have not been invaded, Lusitanias sunk, and Armenians massacred. Never, to be sure, have the crimes against security and honor been so wanton and so dreadful as these which we have witnessed in this war; and seldom, if ever, before in history have they been perpetrated on so vast a scale and in so bestial a spirit. But always have the strong been preying upon the weak, the masters upon the slaves, the conquerors upon the conquered. Always in the midst of peace there has been war. And what have we been doing to save the world? What sacrifices have we been making in these less dramatic times for the lowlier brethren of the earth? Is it not true that it took a world war to wake up most of us to the meaning of sacrifice even unto death for the common good; and that before this terrific event, we were none other than spiritual slackers?

May I tell a very commonplace and rather amusing story, to point my moral?

Some weeks ago I attended a certain social service meeting in the home of one of the wealthiest men of this city, on upper Fifth Avenue. The great hall, or assembly room, in which we met, was filled with women, most of whom were busily engaged in knitting or crocheting. The first speaker, one of the most con-

spicuous social service reformers of our day, took occasion, in his address, to refer to the busy fingers which were weaving garments for the soldier boys, the Belgian children or the French women, who are in need across the seas. "Nothing could be finer," he said, in effect, "than the way in which the women of this country are answering by their personal labor the call of the world for clothing. Nothing could be finer than the efforts that we are all of us making to conserve food upon our tables, that others may have more to eat through our having less. But I must confess to you, in all kindness," he continued, "that I wonder now and then why we had to wait for the coming of the Great War before we entered upon service of this kind? Long before there were Belgian children needing our aid, there were children here in New York, on our very threshold, sweat-shop laborers by the thousands, who called to our heedless ears for sympathy and help. Long before there were soldiers freezing in the trenches of northern France, there were the poor and the homeless freezing in the streets of our American cities. Always there have been the millions who are starving, but only now, when these millions are the victims of war, are we thoroughly aroused. This thing," he said, pointing to the knitting needles, "ye ought to do, and God bless you for it. But these other things ye ought also to have done!"

Here is a very simple illustration of what I mean by my suggestion that through most of our lives, you and I have to all too great an extent been spiritual slackers in our relations with our fellows. This war did not create the need of human service; it simply dramatized it, extended it, deepened it. It did not even create what are described as the aims of the war—those great ideals of associated life for the sake of which millions of men have been made to die, and other millions are now being prepared to "carry on." These aims have always been with us; they have always called for heroes to make them true; and it is perhaps because these heroes have appeared only by the dozens and scores in time of peace that they must now be made to appear by the thousands and the millions in time of war. What we are now doing on so vast and so terrible a scale, in other words, we should have been doing all the time in less momentous and tragic ways of human effort. We should have had imagination enough to realize, even without the dramatization of the Great War, that the best ideals of life were beset with enemies, and therefore insecure; and we should have had consecration enough to give ourselves "without stint or limit" to whatever good cause at any moment was most in need of help. As it was, in all these piping times of peace, we were most of us well content to let the world go wagging on its way, so long as we were left alone to make our money or find our pleasure; and thus were nothing better than spiritual slackers in the unending battle for the Kingdom. Let me point out more particularly what I mean!

One of the aims for which we are told this war is being fought is "to make the world safe for democracy." With this high purpose of our people I am entirely in sympathy. I believe that democracy was never in such dire peril as she is at this present moment; and I hope for nothing more ardently at the close of this war than a reinforcement of the democratic principle throughout the length and breadth of the civilized world. Anybody who does not hear the call of democracy today, and answer it in some high spiritual way, is a spiritual slacker of the lowest order. But this is not the first time in our lives that democracy has been imperiled. The battle for her safety did not begin in the early days of August, 1914. I recall, for example, that more than a quarter of a century ago Dr. Washington Gladden of Columbus, Ohio, published a famous book in which he reiterated the saying of Abraham Lincoln that "no nation can endure half slave and half free"; and then pointed out that our national household was divided against itself by a system of political democracy on the one hand, confronted by a system of industrial autocracy on the other, and that unless this spiritual dualism was ended, American ideals of democracy must sooner or later disappear. I recall that it was only some six years ago that Theodore Roosevelt, then the leader of the Progressive Party, conducted a notable campaign for the presidency of the United States on a platform denouncing "the invisible government" of big business, as he called it, which was superseding the visible government at Washington, and calling upon all good Americans to assist him in rescuing our democracy from the hands of those who would selfishly destroy it. During all of these years, the struggle for the perpetuation of real democracy in this country has been constant. The presence in American life of certain autocratic and corruptive influences has been perfectly well known. Every great leader of our time, from Progressive Republican on the one hand to radical Socialist on the other, has seen the danger, and has striven to arouse the people to battle against the powers that would enslave them. But not until autocracy becomes personified in the form of a German Kaiser were we able to recognize it; and not until our liberties were threatened from without as well as from within, were we persuaded to spend oudselves in their defense. In our guardianship of our infinitely precious heritage of democracy, we American people have been slackers during the last fifty or more years. We have been perfectly willing to let invisible government supersede visible, the life of the many be exploited by the few, industrial monarchs set up their thrones and prosecute their imperial conquests, if only we would be let alone, and excused from making sacrifices for other men. In spite of my unchanging nonresistant attitude toward war, and my regret therefore that the battle for liberty today should be fought with such weapons and on such a field of blood, I should be the last man in the world, I trust, to depreciate what America is striving to do today for the cause of democracy. I only suggest that as Americans we should always have been breathing the exalted atmosphere of loyalty to this good cause, and have long since rallied as determinedly against the enemies of human liberty at home as we are now doing against the greater enemies abroad.

A second aim of this war, we have been told, is to establish in Europe and America, indeed throughout all the world, what President Wilson has called "a durable peace." Americans are striving by force of arms so to end this war that it shall be known in history as the war that ended war. Now whatever may be our opinions as to the way in which peace can be established among men, we are all of us agreed in rejoicing that this, and no lower aim of conquest or martial glory, is our avowed purpose in this struggle. But why, may I

ask, if this crusade is right today, did we not undertake it before, and in those days when happier methods of conquest were at our disposal? This is not the first time in our lives that peace has been discussed, and men and nations exhorted to achieve such reforms in international relationships as would guarantee the preservation of law and order. For ninteen hundred years a great religion has laid down the principle that love is the way of life, and has urged men to forfeit their individual prides and ambitions to the cause of love. For a hundred years or more, great leaders of ethics and politics have pointed out that war is incompatible with civilization, and must be done away with. For twenty-five years, statesmen and scholars of all countries have declared that the nations must be federated in some kind of international state, and their joint interests consigned to the keeping of a Hague Convention. And constantly the great movement of International Socialism has labored for peace through the recognition of the common interests of the common people. But who of us were interested in these undertakings? How many of us were willing to give our lives to such a cause? What nation ever consented to spend in a single year for peace what is now being spent in a single month for war? Why, I remember distinctly, to cite an illuminating psychological instance, that in the years before the war, I used to make it my business, on the second Sunday of each December, to preach what I called "a peace sermon"; and that it was a kind of joke in my household that this was a sacrifice to the cause, inasmuch as the sermon always brought me one of the smallest congregations of the year. We simply were not interested in this which is now the one supreme problem of our time. If statesmen or political parties brought it to our attention, we called them bores. If a President, like Grover Cleveland, urged the country to sacrifice some of its national prerogatives for the sake of an arbitration agreement with England, we straightway repudiated the treaty. Only once in the history of this peace-loving country has a serious and organized endeavor been made to think through the problem of international peace, and present a program for its realization. I refer, of course, to the League to Enforce Peace; and it is an illuminating commentary on all that I am saying, that this League was started after, and not before, the outbreak of the Great War! The fact of the matter is, we have been slackers in this problem of peace. Living in a fool's paradise, we have asked only to be let alone. And now, behold, we are paying the price of our neglect of spiritual reality.

Again, may I point out, that there is a final, and perhaps, all-inclusive aim of this war against Germany, as it is interpreted to us by our leaders? I refer to the statement of President Wilson, that we are fighting to make this a decent world in which to live! Nothing could be better than this as an object of war, if we must have war. The obligation to make this a decent world is surely laid upon us as much in time of war as in time of peace. But why not also, may I ask, as much in time of peace as in time of war? As I go back in my own mind to the period before the War, and think of the men and women who meant so much to me in those days, I recall that the one thing that united them together, in spite of all their various interests and methods and doctrines and parties, was their passion to make this world a decent place in which to live. Some of these men and women were fighting the saloons; others were battling against child labor, female exploitation, low wages, long hours and unsanitary conditions in industry; still others were handling poverty, and calling for the abolition of laws and practices which created poverty. Everywhere there were these soldiers of the common good, outraged by the fact that this world was an indecent place in which to live for the great majority of persons, and consecrated to the high endeavor of battling gainst evil in every form until some progress had been made in the direction of better things. It was a great age, this age of social reform, as it was called. But it was a sad age, too—sad, not because of enemies to be fought and battles to be won, but sad because of the popular inertia and indifference which hung like a dead weight on the shoulders of every reformer. In every undertaking for social betterment, the chief task was to get people awake; and then, when they were awake, to stir them to some measure of sacrifice for the cause. How heavy was this burden, only those who have borne it can know. Again and again, as I have looked upon the pathetic face of Miss Jane Addams, I have thought to see there not merely her agony at the woes of the poor, but her weariness as well at the ignorance or indifference of those who ought to care as much as she. Exhausted not in giving, but exhausted in getting in order to give! Think of how men are awake today, and of how gladly they are offering sacrifices to make this world a decent habitation for humankind! I would draw no comparison between the crisis of this moment and that of yesterday—it would be absurd! And yet, in its own and very terrible way for millions of men, the world yesterday was in dire need; and for others, if not for ourselves, there were places only less hideous than Belgium and Armenia.

It is considerations such as these that persuade me to the conviction that, whatever the measure of our devotion at the present moment, we have all of us, to some extent or other, been spiritual slackers in the past. We have followed the all to easy road of our own personal and selfish pursuits. We have listened with all too heedless ears to the call of humanity for enlightenment and liberation. Democracy, peace, a decent world, have all clamored for our service, but only at this moment of supreme peril, have we given the supreme answer of our souls. The very lives that we are living in these days of tumult and confusion, are the perfect and unanswerable indictment of the lives that we were living before the war. Today we are feeling, both militarist and pacifist alike, the thrill of great loyalty to some great cause. Every instant we are touching deeps of joy and sorrow, of despair and exultation, which we never knew before were in existence. In spite of dire experience, and the black uncertainty of what the future holds in store, we feel ourselves possessed by a great peace of mind and heart —that peace which can come only from what Professor Royce calls "loyalty to loyalty." We live as though we were transfigured beings. There is a change of wonder and great beauty all about. But it is a change not in the world, but in ourselves! The opportunity for glorious living, for heroic endeavor and heroic sacrifice, has always been with us. But it is only now, when that opportunity has been magnified and darkened by the grim terror of war, that

we have risen to its challenge. Yesterday, for all our virtue, we were slackers. Today we are what we should always have been—whole-hearted servants of what is to us the highest good. Who knows but what, if we had thus lived from the beginning, this war might have been avoided! So at least thinks a great writer of our time, Bertrand Russell. "We have sinned," he says, looking back upon these "slacker" years: "We have sent (our) young men to the battlefield . . . for our failure to live generously out of the warmth of the heart, and out of the living vision of the spirit."

All this should teach us great humility, and also great expectation. For all that I have been saying is of no avail—it would have been better had I not spoken at all—if my words do not end in the turning of our faces from the past to the future, and stirring us to noble consecration so long as we shall live. Some day the war is going to end. Some day the trials and sacrifices of this bitter hour will be no more. Then what are we going to do? Put away our knitting needles? Close our work-shops? Sink back into the old self-centered grooves of the old self-centered life? If so, we have sacrificed in vain, laid down our lives to no permanent good. For the soul's ideals are never achieved, but only in process of achievement. One task, completed, however great in itself, is only a preparation for the work still remaining to be done. Democracy may be made never so secure, peace never so "durable," the world never so decent to live in! But it will be only for the moment, if we straightway forget, and return to our ancient "slacker" ways. This war, after all, can only do one thing that may be permanently good—and that is, by the sheer terror of its menace, violence of its destruction, and pain of its sacrifice, lift us to a higher plane of living and thinking and dreaming and serving, so that henceforth and forevermore we shall be ready to "sanctify (ourselves) for others' sakes." The end of this war means a new world—and this world, like all the rest, is to be saved or lost. If we become slackers again, it will be lost, as was the old, in one vast storm of misery and hate. But if through our sufferings we are now made perfect, then it may be saved to God and man.

Fifty-three years ago this day Abraham Lincoln was assassinated in Washington. Do you remember how he spoke at Gettysburg to those who survived that struggle? Whatever our views of war, must we not take his words for ours today, as we think of what is behind and what ahead? "It is for us to be dedicated to the task remaining before us—that from these dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

From a lady subscriber in California:

With each number of UNITY that comes I grow to like it better. I can never pay for the good it has been to me and my friends and I wish I could send you many subscriptions. I find its fearless honesty most satisfying and its spirit of brotherhood beautiful.

The Simple Life

ITS CONDITIONS AND RESPONSIBILITIES.
AN INTERVIEW WITH PASTOR WAGNER, PUBLISHED IN THE CHICAGO EVENING JOURNAL, OCTOBER 29, 1904.

(Reprinted from UNITY of November 3, 1904)

Question. What would you say to those who claim that civilization involves complexity, and that to go back to the simple life would be to abandon present results of arts and sciences?

Answer. The great modern discoveries and inventions have so disturbed the balance that it is not strange that it should bring about a confusion in the human adjustments of life. Every new condition is a fresh test of human capacities and adaptation. To preserve the ethical simplicity of the noblest past will necessitate a great change in the mode of living.

Q. How can our modern humanity maintain its equilibrium in the presence of these new inventions?

A. We have to strive to attain the chief aim of life, which aim is to attain to happiness and to make the true use of life. So we have to take care that these inventions may contribute to our happiness and usefulness. We should aim to make these achievements of our modern civilization serve these two ends. Failing such control our inventions become our tyrants and defeat life's aims, and man, instead of being helped by civilization, becomes enslaved by it. We have always to remember the words of Christ when he says: "The Sabbath is made for man and not man for the Sabbath."

This applies not only to the Sabbath and religious institutions, but to all life's appurtenances. And so we can say—civilization was made for man and not man for civilization. If we probe to the bottom of the troubles of today we will find they arise from this confusion.

Q. What are you going to say to well meaning, sincere believers in the simple life who say they can not extricate themselves from this complex social machine?

A. To them I would say the first step is to suffer from the sense of wrongdoing. The second is, if you feel that you are bound you have to find the tyrant in your own breast. This is to realize the saying of Schiller:

"Do you feel yourself bound? Look for your fetters within."

Q. As you have had glimpses of American life, where is the most apparent violation of the simplicity of living?

A. 1. With the poor the chief violators are sanitary. A great city is a monstrosity and pushes the poorer classes to gross violations of most of the conditions of health.

2. The business man with whom there is an intensity of life that defeats business itself because it destroys the power of doing business. A nerve-racking struggle soon brings exhaustion and a breakdown in power.

3. The wealthy individual who does not work at all. He is acting contrary to the laws of nature. He violates the laws of simplicity by not working.

Q. But the American people of wealth are very busy.

A. Yes, but busy in the quest of luxury, a quest that springs only from misguided ambition and rivalry.

Q. From what you have seen in the lives of the favored—the cultured women of wealth—what is their responsibility in this matter?

A. When a woman once begins to want in this direction there can be no limit to her wants. Her imagination leads her to chase after the impossible. The measureless wants of women must destroy the equilibrium of society because these wealthy women cannot realize their wants without the enslavement of those who serve them, no matter how much money they may pay for the service. No one can conceive the pain, sleeplessness and restlessness caused by the simple ambition of dress—the desire to shine with a more excellent gown or more brilliant hat.

Q. How do you distinguish between beauty and art or the simplicity of real beauty and the complexities of fashion?

A. Fashion brings up the luxury of cost and the debauchery of taste which supplants real beauty with show and extravagance. History proves that the highest art in poetry and elsewhere is also the highest simplicity. In order to reach this high line of simplicity we have to contend with all kinds of embarrassments and distractions which conceal rather than reveal beauty. Decadence in all the arts is always characterized by over-decoration and over-ornamentation.

Q. What would you say to the woman who says: "As long as I have money and can sitisfy my desire to have beautiful things, why should I not have them and give other people work, thus placing my money in circulation"?

A. It all hinges on what one considers "beautiful things." The simple white cap of a Brittany peasant is far more beautiful than the most costly picture hats I see in the shopkeepers' windows. As to money, it is the duty of every one having money to spend it in such a way that it is creative; that it produces some useful thing; that its product is serviceable to humanity. To give employment to labor, to use money to gratify useless fancies is an abuse of money, and to use the hand and intelligence of man to produce such things, no matter how well he may be paid for the service, is a crime against humanity.

Q. Have you a word of admonition to Americans?

A. The first condition of salvation is to be true to your character.

America grew from simple, industrious types, and its future is dependent on its loyalty to such types. In education, the aim should be to make men, rather than to produce money-making machines. Money is only a means to an end. Give the child his childhood; don't put him in the factory in tender years. Don't overburden him with responsibility and instruction.

Q. What is the duty of the church in relation to simple life?

A. Everything. The aim of my church work is to bring about simplicity of faith, which is simply the bringing of our human infirmities into immediate contact with the infinite resources of every kind and in every place. Churches must give bread and not stones to souls. They must harmonize a community and not distract and divide it. They must put forward that which unifies and put behind that which divides.

From Behind the Bars

UNITY takes pleasure in printing the following greeting that comes from behind the bars. The signatures represent the Christian Pacifists who are serving a sentence of six months for taking part in a religious meeting devoted to the propagation of the doctrines of peace and applying, as they understood it, the gospel of Jesus to the issues of today. Our interest in their case is not an interest in the question of war or peace, but in the question of "free speech," the right of American citizens to discuss the fundamental problems of religion in a pacific manner without being interfered with by the Government. This world will not be rendered free for democracy until it has secured the right of free discussion at home and abroad.

To All Our Friends:

At noon today we entered the city jail of Los Angeles to begin serving our sentence in expiation of our "crimes." From our prison cells we send affectionate greetings to all our friends throughout the country, who have labored so kindly in our behalf.

Our appeal from the sentence of Judge White was heard in the Superior Court on March 5th by Judge Craig, who after taking the matter under advisement for some time, has now affirmed the decision of the lower court. It is significant that after taking fifty-six days to examine the voluminous record, Judge Craig, though affirming the former verdict, rendered no opinion whatever in the case.

Our aplication for a Writ of Review to the Court of Appeals was denied today. It now remains to lay the case before the Supreme Court of the United States, that it may determine whether religious freedom, freedom of speech, and peaceable assemblage can be so flagrantly denied to the people.

We, the defendants, would indeed hesitate to advise such final action, were there involved merely the question of our own personal freedom and comfort. But high issues are at stake which concern the welfare of all men. These great issues we would see vindicated at all costs. Therefore, we most earnestly call upon all lovers of freedom to render such financial assistance as will make possible an immediate appeal to the United States Supreme Court of this case, which involves unique and fundamental constitutional issues, and which has no parallel in the annals of jurisprudence.

We do not pose as martyrs. We are common men to whom has come the high honor and privilege of paying with our bodies for our soul's desire. Somehow it has been granted unto us to speak out the *Unconquerable NO*. We may have spoken it with faltering lips and in great weakness. But we cannot recall the past. The present is still with us, and we declare—we pass on and forward—we cannot do otherwise.

We hold no illusions as to the comfort of jail life. All of us have previously been confined in the vile den which for many months to come must be our home. We know the unspeakable conditions of filth and disease which obtain there, and the enervating and dispiriting effects of long confinement. We are not primarily propagandists, but men of peace, who love the quietness of study and the comforts of home life. Not easily do we leave our families and friends behind us to face the grim problems of existence alone. To their fine courage we pay the highest tribute of respect and love. We pray the protection of God upon them, and the benediction of peace upon all suffering men everywhere.

While in jail we would greatly enjoy hearing from our friends. Letters may be addressed to us in care of our attorney, J. H. Ryckman, 920 Higgins Building, Los Angeles, California.

ROBERT WHITAKER.
FLOYD HARDIN.
HAROLD STORY.

Contributions for the appeal to the United States Supreme Court may be sent to the National Civil Liberties Bureau, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City, or to Miss Fanny Bixby, 1800 East Ocean Avenue, Long Beach, California.

Los Angeles City Jail, May 7, 1918.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The History and Practice of Religion

Being the First Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study, as Given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to His Classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

Beginnings

Myth and Legend Versus the True Story

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

XVIII

How Sacrifice Began—Prayer

Draw, if thou canst, the mystic line
Severing rightly his from thine,
Which is human, which divine.
—From "Worship," Emerson.

Unlovely is the solitude of the soul without God.

The thought of God is inseparable from the thought of prayer which is rooted in the human groping for contact with the Divine, for some sort of a bridge between the mortal and the Eternal, some way of communion.

The thought of God has changed with the changing thought of man. Seven words will be an epitome of this growing thought that will stay with you and prove a working philosophy. They are the words of the scientists and not of primitive man, tools to help us strengthen our thinking. Fetishism, animism, polytheism, henotheism, dualism, monotheism and theism.

Fetish is an African word meaning a thing, used by scientists to indicate the lowest form of reverence, the crudest idea of God, found implanted in the African tribes of lowest intelligence. It is that which clothes a *thing* with divine power, endows a thing with sanctity. A lucky stone or amulet associated with some happy experience, the primitive man thinks will save him in times of danger, defeat his enemies, etc. A man has a peculiar experience, at a peculiar place, under a peculiar tree and that tree becomes an altar to him. We see this thought in the story of Jacob. He used a stone for a pillow, the dream of angels came to him and he says of the stone, "This is my Bethel, my 'house of God.'" We are all fetish worshippers at times. One is distressed if she loses her wedding ring, the sanctity of which reaches back into the philosophy of amulets.

Animism is allied to the word animate, inanimate, *anima,* Latin for breath, wind. Here we find a wide range of religion. Ghost, spirit, worship, deities, nymphs and gnomes are associated with spiritual power and indispensable sanctity. With the growth of thought sanctities multiplied, the "things" came to have life. It was no longer the tree but the spirit of the tree, the volition back of the river. Wind, clouds, stars took on sanctity. Let us hope we are sometimes animists in the presence of spring flowers and winter snowstorms.

Polytheism, a Greek word. With some kind of outward object how inevitably would personalities develop. The tree became endowed with personality. Gods multiplied, first representing natural forces and finally spiritual attributes; gods of war, battle, justice, etc. We read of twelve major divinities of Greek polytheism living on Mt. Olympus.

Henotheism, one out of many. There came a time in the polytheistic mind when the worshipper chose his God, offered oblations to a favorite deity and began to rank other gods as negligible. Moloch and Astarte were to be reckoned with but were not all powerful. A close analysis of the earlier legends of the Pentateuch, show the Hebrew concept of a local God, a peculiar possession, lapsing into polytheism in the use of the word Elohim, "Let us," the Hebrew plural for god.

Dualism. Out of henotheism came the wide range of thought, emphasized by Zoroaster, of two forces, the good and evil divinities at war for supremacy over the universe. A splendid development of the spiritual life because laying a firm grasp on ethical principles.

Monotheism. Out of dualism came the essentially Hebraic concept, though not the peculiar possession of the Jews, of one God. There was a monotheism beyond the farthest confines of Judaism, among the Greeks and others, but it was the high achievements of but a few. The monotheism of the Old Testament conception is monarchistic. It is of a king on a throne ruling the world, a supreme personality that has thrown out the universe from his own being and sent it spinning through the heavens, he from the outside watching it and ready when necessary to introduce new elements. It is an imperial conception of God.

Theism is the word the book-makers have given to the thought of a besetting and indwelling sanctity, an ever present, divine force.

There are those who would wish to add the word atheism. If there is an atheist left who delights to declare his disbelief in any god he is the last product of thinking. Robert Ingersoll was thought of as such a one. The answer is, what do you believe in? Do you believe in nature? justice? love? law? It is good enough theism for me when I reach the profound affirmations, possible only to high thinking and splendid experience.

The lowest and crudest form of prayer is always associated with sacrifice, and sacrifice in its crudest form is an endeavor to placate an angry divinity, to avert punishment. In the minds of the early peoples their divinities were swayed by preferences, prejudices, were at enmity with man, hence the early worshippers became devil worshippers. A good god would not hurt his people any way and need not to be approached, but beware of those gods more or less dependent on the human for sustenance. The gods could not eat but loved the aroma. A bullock on the altar served a double purpose of pleasing the god and feeding the priest, a very gross conception, but one which haunts primitive religions. Such gods haunt the borders of the human realm and are anxious that the human should realize his subjection. The best evidence of fealty is a valuable offering. Abraham was tested and was equal to the supreme test and satisfied Jehovah without the exaction of the full letter of the demand.

This is the thought at the foundation of all worship. No matter how absurd, how gross, how stupid, how bad or ignorant are the roots of prayer, the farther down you go the safer is the foundation for your superstructure.

First, then, the thought of sacrifice, the sacrifice of what you hold most valuable. With a less exacting deity comes the Hebrew scheme of altar sacrifice. The Jew goes to Jerusalem once a year. If rich he will sacrifice a bullock; if not, a lamb or a pair of doves. Later we come to the more spiritual idea, the offering of ourselves, our thoughts, ideas, ideals, and finally a worshipping altar, upon which altar we offer words. The Chinese puts his prayer on a slip of paper and burns it that the ideas may ascend upward. Since God is so besetting he is around somewhere and will catch it, an entirely beautiful symbol.

There is a difference between prayer and prayers. Prayer is an inevitable accompaniment of life. Prayer is longing, pleading, solicitation. You do desire, you do hope, in your extremity you do cry out. This is a psychological fact, very different from set and conventional phrases. Some very progressive and highly developed people refuse, in their recoil from the sham and hypocrisy, to join in such exercises. Their point may be granted, but words are the highest achievement of man, an indispensable adjunct of thought, and are necessary to true worship, fellowship and love. The very effort to phrase your ideal is in itself a mighty help to that idea. To formulate a big thought is a great achievement, and after you have made your most relentless criticism of prayer, it is in the minds of many the highest social activity for free minds willing to join in common worship. A great ritual, a great hymn are high literary achievements.

Can we establish a line of connection between the fetish worshipper and Emerson? There is absolutely no break. Westermarck gives abundant illustration of the various stages of worship as does James in his "Varieties of Religious Experience."

If you want to study the fundamentals of universal faith you may find your primers in John Fiske's "The Idea of God" and "Through Nature to God." For fundamental theism read Emerson's "The Rhodora," "The Sandpiper," by Celia Thaxter, and William Cullen Bryant's "To a Waterfowl." Again we have the same note in Browning's "Paracelsus":

> Ask the geier-eagle why she stoops at once
> Into the vast and unexplored abyss,
> What full-grown power informs her from the first,
> Why she not marvels, strenuously beating
> The silent boundless regions of the sky!
> Be sure they sleep not whom God needs!
>
> . . . .
>
> I go to prove my soul!
> I see my way as birds their trackless way.
> I shall arive! what time, what circuit first,
> I ask not: but unless God sends his hail
> Or blinding fireballs, sleet or stifling snow,
> In some time, his good time, I shall arrive:
> He guides me and the bird. In his good time!

The final word may be found in Emerson's Divinity School Address, which ever thrills, soothes and comforts; the orthodox love it. Theodore Parker spoke of it as the fifth gospel in the testaments of those students who were privileged to listen to it. The closing paragraph reads:

> I look for the hour when that supreme Beauty which ravished the souls of those Eastern men, and chiefly of those Hebrews, and through their lips spoke oracles to all time, shall speak in the West also. The Hebrew and Greek scriptures contain immortal sentences, that have been bread of life to millions. But they have no epical integrity; are fragmentary; are not shown in their order to the intellect. I look for the new Teacher that shall follow so far those shining laws that he shall see them come full circle; shall see their rounding complete grace; shall see the world to be the mirror of the soul; shall see the identity of the law of gravitation with purity of heart; and shall show that the Ought, that Duty, is one thing with Science, with Beauty, and with Joy.

QUESTIONS.

(1) Name and define the seven words used by scientists to describe the growing thought of man in his relation to God.

(2) What is the connection between our prayers and the Jewish sacrifice?

(3) What is prayer?

Charles Wagner

As He Seemed to a Rabbi

From across the ocean, from the teeming boulevards of the French metropolis, the whirlpool of excitement, the very center of the world's artificial styles and fashions, Pastor Charles Wagner has come to our strenous city to bring us in person his intense plea for simplicity and to emphasize, through the presence of his striking personality, the earnest message he had already sent us through his popular book on "The Simple Life." Wagner is not an effeminate, anemic, ascetic man, soured of the world, an accentric crank who wants to go back to the primitive life of the savage or the discarded customs of our great-grandfathers, nor has he a predilection for the austere life of the monk. He is a broad-shouldered, big-hearted, full-blooded, vivacious Frenchman, full of those contagious animal spirits that cheer the heart and refresh the soul. He loves the world, rejoices in living, is happy to mingle with the humblest of his fellow men, eager to discover good in everybody, passionate, like our Thoreau and Whitman, to teach the elemental possession of the soul, the eternal verities of life grounded in the depths of the human heart and conscience, and we ought to rejoice that at the beginning of this new century, with its many complexities of living and its manifold confusions of thinking, he is sending out into the wide world his earnest plea for a simple, sincere, natural life, and is everywhere finding sympathetic readers and listeners, as if this were the message for which the modern heart thirsts as the desert languishes for water.

In sermon by Rev. Joseph Stolz, delivered on the occasion of Charles Wagner's visit to Chicago, October 30, 1904.

MAYTIME

> O hearts, come go with me a-Maying!
> Dear hearts, I cannot have you staying
> Within your prison-walls today!
> "The world," you say, "with pain is throbbing,"
> "The world," you say, "with grief is sobbing,
> And we to soothe the pain must stay."
>
> But listen! Hear the blue-birds saying:—
> "God wills that hearts should go a-Maying!
> So shall you best bring May, bring May,
> To darkened hearts too faint with sorrow
> To know the comfort of the morrow.
> Come sing with all the birds today!"
>
> —*Katharine Hanson Austin.*

"Courtesy is the eye which overlooks your friend's broken gateway, but sees the rose which blossoms in his garden."

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THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

FABLES.

It was a day in modern Jerusalem in the city of palaces and courts and lavish gardens; and a thunderstorm had been raging over the earth. Ruth, the good wife of Joseph and head of his household, had been waiting for supper a long time. She stood at an open window looking out toward a high hill on the south edge of the city. It seemed to her that she heard the sound of people marching in the streets and of cheering now and then. She wondered what unusual event was in the making and connected in her mind the long absence of her husband with what seemed a disturbance in the poorer quarter of the metropolis.

She pictured a possible procession of soldiers and officers of state. She thought, too, of some unusual games which might be then in progress. Other things also came to mind, for she was not a woman of inexperience, and it was with a great sense of relief that she heard a familiar step on the stone stairway and turned at last to face her tardy helpmate.

Joseph was a tall man, a craftsman of the middle class and one not easily excited. As he entered the room she did not notice any unusual sign in his countenance, but her first inquiry was born of the revery through which she had just passed.

"What is the matter in the city?" she said.

Joseph did not answer at once, but put his coat over the back of a chair and threw down some papers from his pocket on a little table near at hand. His wife brought in the evening meal and in silence Joseph began eating. It was some minutes before he spoke. Then in an unexceptional tone he said, "They are crucifying Christ again."

Theirs was not a visionless life. They understood.

Once upon a time there was a king in a land not far away and this king had a very fat and lazy prime minister. Both these excellent gentlemen were always busy with great affairs of state and many sorts of international politics, and things went from bad to worse throughout the kingdom.

One morning the prime minister had a shock. On his way to the palace he saw a great crowd of people marching along; all very ragged and dirty and half fed. The prime minister was not so stupid as might seem and when he arrived in the royal presence he said, "Your Majesty, the people are hungry." And the king replied, "What can we do about it?" "Give them bread," replied the minister.

So the king called a meeting of the crown council and all day long there raged a very great and ponderous debate about the sad condition of the people. Where the councilors sat they could hear the noise of the multitude in the streets, shouting for the king and demanding a hearing of their cause. Early in the evening the council reached its decision and the prime minister was sent to a balcony overlooking a public square to announce that the king had graciously arranged for the distribution of large, brown wheaten loaves.

To celebrate his kind decision the monarch ordered a great banquet served, and as the entertainment was spread there was great merriment among all present, and it was the opinion of the gathering that the king had acted in a very fine and noble manner, and that his prompt relief of the people's problem would endear him forever to the common heart.

Imagine then their surprise when the prime minister returned to the council room in very obvious distress, red of face and more excited than words may describe. Noticing his agitation the great monarch inquired its cause, and the poor emissary in great distress began a long explanation which was broken into repeatedly by the sound of increased storming in the street. The king immediately grew impatient and turning away from the minister's wordy expostulation he sent a young courtier to look out on the square and see what was the additional reason for complaint.

This young man returned a moment later and with the impulsiveness of youth declared at once the true excuse for the minister's excited state of mind. "Your Majesty," he said, "you are too late. The people are not satisfied with bread. They demand cake."

Two men stood in a balcony on a high tower looking down into a busy market place in the heart of a great city.

One man said to the other, "Do you see that fellow on the soap box?"

And the other, looking down on the south side of the open space, said, "Yes, I do. Who is he?"

His companion replied, "I do not know. He is telling the truth. You notice no one stops to listen."

In the quiet street, under my window, four children are playing with dolls. One is Audrey, whose father is a French cook. The second is Gretchen, who is the child of a German baker. The third is called Rita; her father keeps the fruit store at the end of the street. The fourth is Hedvig; I suspect she is Danish, for her mother is called Elizabeth. They play very quietly—so as not to waken the sleeping dolls. There is no war, or the thought that breeds war, among children.

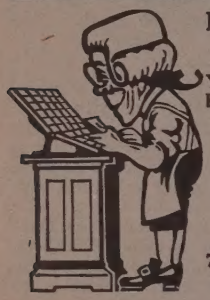
JAMES WALDO FAWCETT.

"FIELD BOOK OF INSECTS."

By Frank E. Lutz, Associate Curator, Department of Invertebrate Zoology, American Museum of Natural History.

Though the study of insects may be made an all-the-year-round pursuit and some of the most fascinating investigations, such as the hibernation of insects, are confined to the winter months, it is the return of the warmer weather, with the unfolding of leaf and bud, that awakens in most people the keenest interest in the minute and diversified world of crawling and flying things. In the first days of spring the beautiful *Vanessa antiopa*, with her gold-bordered dusky wings, flutters about the woodlands, and the bristly black and brown caterpillar of *Isia isabella* seeks the early plantain. Before the season has advanced very far, insects come to view everywhere. Then it is that he who jaunts through the country wants a book that shall enable him to identify and glean interesting information regarding not only the butterflies and moths but the beetles, the bees and wasps, the flies, the dragon flies, the galls on trees and shrubs that are produced by insect instrumentality, and other creatures, like spiders, which, though not insects, attract the interest of the amateur. To this end has been shaped the excellent volume entitled *Field Book of Insects*, the work of Frank E. Lutz, Ph.D., Associate Curator, Department of Invertebrate Zoölogy, American Museum of Natural History, which has just appeared under the Putnam imprint. In the compass of a pocket edition Dr.

Lutz has presented information of wide range regarding the insect world. The book contains hints concerning collecting, breeding, preserving, and classifying insects; "catch characters," rather than lengthy descriptions, by which commonly observed insects, and insects which would repay observation, may be recognized; outlines of interesting or economically important insect life histories; about eight hundred illustrations, many of them colored, and an untechnical but scientifically accurate text. Especial stress has been laid upon those things which may be observed out-of-doors, leaving the study of detailed anatomy and the naming of difficult or rare species to books necessarily too bulky to be carried about.



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